
Title: A Dusty Small Tome

Author: A Relict Lord

... the dark half of a
pair will she be born.
Older than her lighter
half, ages hence from
now... her parents will she
murder, her sister will
she hate. The lands will
part and flee from her
poisoned roots. O'er the
flesh, into myth will she
pass. Return she will with
memories past. The death
of us all will be thereby
fortold... The raven hair'd
girl with the stars in her
name shall wreck the
world under the banner
of a perverted ideal. The
Ideal of Chaos, once
proud and true, trodden
into the ground and
twisted into the depths...
Can the ideal be rescued,
can the world be saved...
the sisters can not be
parted from the world
alone, this much is true...